THE THOUGHT.

A

POEM.

Addreſs'd to the LADIES.

LONDON:

Printed for, and ſold by, J. ROBINSON, at the *Golden Lion* in *Ludgate Street.* 1753.

(Price Sixpence.)

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THOUGHT.

NIGH to a ſtately Dome, whoſe Form aſcends
High in the Air, aſpiring at the Clouds,
I live, retir'd, within myſelf ſecure;
Nor envy I a Monarch on his Throne;
After the Toils of buſy Day, lie down,
Enjoy ſweet Slumbers, and ne'er wake 'till Morn:
Then riſe, refreſh'd, purſue my wonted Round,
And view the erring Mortals as they paſs;
Some thinking great Atchievements to perform,
And ride triumphant on the Wings of Fame,
Whilſt others are with leſs Ambition toſs'd
And wear a ſteadier Aſpect to the World.
Yet both inconſtant *Fortune* ſtill purſue,
And pay their Homage to the fickle Queen;
With Adoration kneel before her Shrine
And court her to regard her humble Slave.

No Snares to trap th'Unwary do I lay,
No gilded Car does e'er enrapture me;
I ſhun Ambition: For too oft the Man
Who ſets his Heart upon the fading Bliſs,
When once he's trapp'd, is like a Bird i'th' Snare
That late repents the rapt'rous Flight it took.
Say, ſay ye Pow'rs, who chiefly do preſide,
And give Attendance to this lower World;
Direct me how to ſpeak my inward Soul,
To give the various Thoughts in Embryo Birth:
Imagination ſtaggers with the Thought,
And vaſt Ideas glow within my Breaſt.
Fear not, my Muſe, with rapid Wing take Flight,
Nor be afraid of envious Critics' Pens;
Without Controul, or Fear of Danger, ſoar,
And wing with Safety to the wiſh'd for Port.
To you, ye Fair, who, warm with Beauty, glow,
And in-born Innocence becomes your Youth;
To you, who ſcarce have eighteen Summers ſeen,
And Obſervation broods not in your Breaſt;
Let no illicit Pleaſures draw aſtray
Your tender Minds, too prone by Warmth of Blood,
Once to degenerate to the Paths of Vice;
But Leſſons of Morality to learn,

And make them chiefly Guardians o'er your Thoughts,
To guide you thro' the thorny Maze of Life
Fill'd up with Diſappointment and with Care.
Attend, ye Virgins of the *Britiſh* Iſle;
And you, whoſe Blood runs generous and brave,
That long to know a matrimonial Life,
And wait for *Hymen*'s Bands to be unty'd
To give a Huſband what's a Huſband's Due;
You who move on in higher Sphere of Life,
And Flatt'ry courts you in a fair Diſguiſe,
Be not enraptur'd with the Tinſell'd Beau,
The gaudy Nothing, Butterfly o'th' Day,
Whoſe *Quixote* Head is full of Airy Schemes
Which prove abortive when they're brought to Light:
No manly Virtue beams within their Breaſt,
No more the Sons of *Britain* can they boaſt;
Enervated by Sloth and Luxury,
Their Senſes pall'd with Routs and Maſquerades,
They loſe all Thoughts of *Britons* and of Men.
Once more, my Muſe, thy drooping Pinions plume
And raiſe me to a Height the Cauſe requires;
From you, ye Fair, I wiſh to gain Applauſe;
From you, whoſe Virtues in the Ranks of Fame
Stand foremoſt, and out-ſhine the Morning Star,

And, Comet-like, attract the gazing Eye!
May Heaven ſtill guard your virgin Innocence,
And roſy Health ſit blooming on your Cheek.
So long as Rivers to their Courſe are true,
Or Flocks ſhall feed upon the flow'ry Plain;
So long as Bees rejoice in fragrant Flowers
And carry Honey to the loaded Hive;
Or tuneful Linnets warble from the Spray,
While cooing Doves in melting Accents mourn
And tell each other the ſoft Tale of Love;
Or the ſweet Thruſh extend his tuneful Throat;
So long may Virtue and true Love endure.

But ſay, ye Fates, what lovely Maid is ſhe
That's doom'd, with me, to ſhare connubial Joys!
What bleſs'd Abode confines my lovely Maid;
Or where abides ſhe, nigh ſome Cypreſs Grove,
Or mid'ſt the Beauties of a noiſy Town?
Time, imp thy Wings that I the Bliſs may ſhare
That flows from Wedlock with a prudent Wife.

May ſhe be virtuous, pleaſing, and diſcreet,
Not over handſome, yet extreamly clean;
For Beauty fades, and like the fragrant Roſe
Which in the Morn does all its Odours yield,
Some haſty Shower, or the ſcorching Ray

Of *Sol*'s bright Beams, before the Cloſe of Eve
Robs the ſtrong Stem and ſtrips the gaudy Flower,
Diſrobes the Beauty of its ſhort-liv'd Sweets;
So ſickens Beauty on the Appetite.
May no coquetting Arts my Love miſguide
To make her barter Happineſs for Fame,
Which, like a Bubble blown aloft in Air,
Riſes to ſuch a Height, then ſinks to Nought.
I'd have her all ſuch ſervile Vices ſhun
And cruſh Ambition in its infant Days.
Good Senſe, by Nature, let her Perſon grace
And add a Luſtre to her other Charms:
An even Temper and a pleaſing Form,
No Airs aſſuming for Pre-eminence;
For that would greatly ſhew an innate Pride:
No haughty Paſſions that wou'd want Controul,
But Sweetneſs join'd with an extenſive Mind:
No mean Reſerve her riſing Thoughts reſtrain;
Let native Innocence diſplay its Charms,
And Freedom ſhew the World ſhe's all divine.
Content ſhou'd, in her Aſpect, tell Mankind
She's not by ev'ry haſty Paſſion led;
Or apt to follow the too giddy Fair
Where'er their roving Fancies pleaſe to lead.

Humility,

Humility, that lovely Child of Heaven,
Should learn her to aſſiſt, and know, Diſtreſs;
Conſider Frailty in its various Forms,
And ſhew how tranſient is a ſplendid World.
With her, content, in any Clime I'd live,
Repos'd with Eaſe, bereft of all my Care:
At Night's Approach I'd bid my Fair adieu,
And on her panting Boſom lie 'till Morn.

F I N I S.